



BADGER & MANLEY, Publishers and Proprietors.

"OUR HOME, OUR COUNTRY, AND OUR BROTHER MAN."

TERMS: \$1.50 per annum, in Advance.

Vol. LXIV.

AUGUSTA, MAINE, THURSDAY, June 4, 1896.

No. 31.

Maine Farmer.

The farmer should aim to get as near the consumer with the sale of his products as is practicable.

The secret of a good garden is measure and attention that never is delayed out of season.

The first calves of the Normandy Jersey cross of Mr. Havemeyer's experiment have come along, and are reported as giving fine promise.

A Chelsea man has raised enough tobacco to make a cigar—and what is more wonderful, he had nerve enough to smoke it!

There is much talk—much writing and lecturing on bad roads. Now is the season for repairs. Are they being made better than in the years that have passed?

The Turner Center Creamery at its former branch is making about a ton of butter a day. The men do the work. The North Turner cheese factory in the same town is also doing a large business.

No one need hesitate about growing strawberries for sale on account of living maggots from town. The country is the best market for this fruit—the demand is great, and the price rising steadily in the large cities.

The shipment of apples abroad of the last year's crop amounted in total to 250,000 barrels, realized 1,438,155 the year before. Prices realized have been satisfactory to both growers and shippers.

As far as information is at this time at hand, the bloom of the apple trees has been quite general throughout the fruit growing States. In lower latitudes than here the fruit is reported as already well set.

Prince Edward Island is fast becoming a dairy country. In 1893 the island had but two cheese factories. In 1895 there were twenty-eight cheese factories and two creameries in successful operation.

The Texas Air churn is the name given to a new competitor in dairy work. A principle involved is the forcing of the cream while in motion, thus hastening the accumulation of the butter globules. The butter will "come" from six to nine minutes. The churn is as trial as some of the stations.

There is now a run on Japanese plums in most planters, and certainly by all enthusiasts. It is not at times best to go so long till one knows where he is. Professor Bailey of Cornell, after examining domestic plums, says that the common domestic plums were still the most valuable sorts; but some of the Japanese sorts may be added for variety with profit.

The cows and other cattle as well, should be given a feed of hay each night, notwithstanding they may be running in pasture through the day. The new corn is watery feed at this stage of growth, and in proportion to the water content but a small measure of nutriment. Hence a dry food like hay is especially acceptable by the animal, and therefore just what is needed. Give it as they will take it. Hay is a feed that at any time.

Don't let the cows destroy a single bushel of corn. You can't afford it. If not destroyed, proceed now to take such care as will surely protect the field from its destructive work. The loss from their pulling is just so discounted from the crop at harvest. No farmer wants to plant corn that is destroyed in that way and there is no doubt of it. The scare-crow business is paid out. They may or may not keep themselves off. Take no chances. Sure remedies have been given heretofore in the Farmer. Dead crows pull no corn.

The anti-color oleo law has substantially shut down the trade in that article in Boston and vicinity. Only one firm has taken out a license to sell, and this firm will not renew their license.

As its natural color is no go. A dispatch from Omaha states that Mr. Cudahy of the Cudahy Packing Co. said: "We have decided to close down our meat department. The whole country seems to be against the use of the commodity, and so many laws have been enacted restricting its sale that we feel it is not pay."

Exile's Nina No. 40522, owned by P. J. Howell, Rochester, N. Y., a fine illustration of which we publish on this page, one of the tested daughters of the famous old bull, Exile of St. Lambert.

The fifty tested daughters, the largest family to the credit of any bull, living in the State, Exile's Nina has a butter record of 15 lbs., 11 1/2 ozs., made when giving milk from three teats. She is a little above medium size, remarkable constitution, large udder development, with large teats. She, indeed, has a license to be a cow, but not wholly on account of her udder, but from her dam, who was a remarkable cow; and her granddam was a great cow. She is a granddaughter of the famous old bull, Exile of St. Lambert.

Exile's Nina No. 40522, owned by P. J. Howell, Rochester, N. Y., a fine illustration of which we publish on this page, one of the tested daughters of the famous old bull, Exile of St. Lambert.

EXPERIMENT STATION WORK.

Among those who have made themselves familiar with the legitimate work of the experiment stations now established in every State in the Union, as organized by the organic act through which they were brought into existence, and who have carefully noted the character of some, at least, of this work as it has been conducted, there are many who have seen the need of a controlling hand or an authoritative oversight as to the kind and character of the work for which the liberal sums of money provided by the National Government are expended. No. 6 of the last volume of the Experiment Station Record, published at the office of Experiment Stations, Washington, D. C. True has an editorial giving a clear statement of the mission of these institutions. He prefaces his article, at the same time, with some plausible reasons why a measure of work of a character not contemplated by the law came to be undertaken at the stations.

Dr. True says that in the development of the stations in this country it was found almost necessary at the outset that they should engage largely in the dissemination of general information in various lines. In order that farmers might understand the results of original investigation, and be able to apply them on their farms, it was necessary to explain, in a somewhat systematic way, what experience and research have previously ascertained. The technical terms, he says, had to be defined, implements and processes with which the average farmer was unacquainted had to be described, and in general the agricultural public had to be brought up to date as regards their information concerning the results which practical and scientific inquiries in agriculture had attained. Moreover, the interest and sympathy of practical farmers had to be secured for the stations. The stations entered heartily into this work, and have diffused a vast amount of information. There is now no longer any reason why the farmers of this country should remain in ignorance of the teachings of the best experience and the most careful scientific research regarding his art. The thoroughness and liberality displayed by these institutions in their efforts to reach the farmers, have excited the favorable comments of all foreign students of our agricultural affairs.

While he clearly recognizes the necessity laid upon the stations hitherto to carry on this educational work, and appreciates the value of the information they have diffused, nevertheless the devotion of so much time and energy to this task has necessarily restricted the original investigations. It has also tended to give the people a false notion of the real purpose for which experiment stations were established, and has even led station officers to advocate plans of work outside of the real purpose of the institutions.

This tendency has been outwardly exhibited in different ways. It has been illustrated in the proposition of the agricultural press and by station managers and public workers that the station is commissioned to do anything which may promote the agricultural industry. It has been shown in turning the college farm over to the station to run as an "exhibition" farm, in conducting dairy schools and running creameries in which a minimum of experimenting is combined with a maximum of instruction, in advertising implements or apparatus, in making exhibits at fairs, in sending station officers to treat diseases of animals, or to give personal advice to farmers regarding the best ways of conducting their farms.

However useful some of these things may seem to be, and however justifiable to a certain extent as a means of stimulating the interest of the farmers in the work of the stations, unless they are regarded as mere makeshifts and are used as a means of expanding and strengthening the original investigations of the stations, they constitute a great peril to the ultimate success of the experiment station enterprise. Already in a number of places the stations have reached "the parting of the ways." Either the station must abandon its functions as a bureau of information and education or it must allow its original investigations to be dwarfed and weakened.

The experiment station was established to make experiments. The closer it sticks to its trade the greater will be its success in a long run. It does well to refuse to do a great many things which might help agriculture. The education of the farmer requires other agencies. If the station will thoroughly bring to him such aid as experimental service with its ever widening range of operations can afford, it will perform the highest kind of service, and in the sequel will obtain the best reward in the confidence and esteem of intelligent, practical men.

The introductory clause of the Hatch act, Dr. True claims, has misled many people more or less intimately associated with experiment stations. The stations are undoubtedly "to aid in acquiring and diffusing among the people of the United States useful and practical information on subjects connected with agriculture," but this information

is to be obtained by conducting original researches and verifying experiments, and the money from the national treasury is given solely "for the purpose of paying the necessary expenses of conducting investigations and experiments, and printing and distributing the results."

KILLING THE WEEDS.

With the seed all in the ground the business of the farmer and his help is now killing weeds. The word hoeing is a misnomer, and has misled many a laborer as to the purpose of the work that has been designated by that work. It is not hoeing the plant at all—the corn, the potatoes and the beans—that we are after. It is simply to kill the weeds that are out of place among the crops growing. In our long experience with hired help on the farm this has been one of the hardest of lessons for them to learn. The impression seems to be and is hard for them to overcome that the valuable plants are the ones to receive attention rather than the weeds. As a consequence the plants are hoed and the weeds much overlooked or neglected.

When work has been done as it ought to be the soil has been thoroughly stirred, fined and smoothed before the seed is planted. That kind of work, then, calls for no more attention. Once done it is done for a whole season and does not go back on you for that year. So there is no call for digging, deep-work of the soil after the seed is planted. The seed bed has already been prepared and is now only to be left for the rootlets of the growing plants to burrow in according to their own peculiar habits. All disturbance of them and their habits works damage.

Thus it is plain to be seen that this killing the weeds, misnamed hoeing, which is now to largely claim the attention of the farmer for a month to come, has to do only with the surface of the soil. With this in mind the philosophy of modern appliances and the latest methods of doing this work is at once apparent. All we are after is to kill the weeds and let the plants grow. This is best and easiest done by simply stirring the surface soil when the weeds have but just started into growth. All weeds coming from seeds scattered in the soil are easily destroyed in this way at this early stage of their growth. To be effective, however, it is necessary that the work be entered upon early after the planting and repeated often. The young weeds but just starting into growth will then have had no time to get rooted in the soil.

It is easily seen that on a field with a regular, even surface, free from sods and stones and already made fine, this scratching or scarifying the surface can just as well be done in a broadcast way as by the old method of a single row at a time. Hence the broadcast weeder now offered to the favor of the farmers. This idea was first embodied in the Thomas smoothing harrow, recommended and used for broadcast hoeing, or harrowing, of corn and potatoes in early stages of their growth. This was followed by the spring-tooth "weeder," the principle being the same and the action almost identical with the harrow. These weeder have been modified into different forms, but doing their work substantially alike, and all after the manner of the smoothing harrow. The effectiveness of their work is dependent on the early-and-often application. The simple stirring of the surface soil kills the starting weed, while the deeper planted and rooted corn and potatoes remain undisturbed. With only seed weeds to contend with, and the surface of the field in ideal condition, this broadcast weeding with any of the weeder designed for such work is all that is needed to keep the crops clean. We have noted as clean fields following the harrow or the weeder, as from hand work.

But there is a class of deeper rooted weeds, like thistles and witch grass, that the modern broadcast method of work is hardly a match for. In such case more vigorous methods must in part at least be drawn upon. It is a fact that runs all through our farm work that the same implement is not best in all cases. The weed-killers must be of a kind called for by the character of the work to be done. Clean culture is what is called for, and the stirring of the soil necessary to secure this should in all cases be as shallow as the work to be accomplished will admit. In doing this the attention should be aimed at the weeds, leaving the valuable plants undisturbed. No farmer can afford to divide his crop with the weeds.

QUESTION BOX.

Chopped Tests.

Mr. Editor: Will you please let me know through the columns of the Maine Farmer what would be a remedy for a cow that had some cracked teats, and oblige.

A SUBSCRIBER.

Our remedy for such cows is beef or mutton tallow. Soften by heat, apply with the hand, rubbing the tallow in thoroughly. Better to use it as a preventive, applying before the teats become sore. We always keep it in the cow stable at this season of the year, ready for use at any time.

A Mexico man of 90 years planted nearly an acre of corn the other day.

Communications.

For the Maine Farmer.
RIGHT YOU ARE SO LONG AS YOU STOP IN MAINE.

BY C. EUGENE LUDDEN.

Perhaps a short sketch of what I have seen since leaving Maine might interest some of your many readers. I left Maine just after the big snow storm of April 2. After leaving our native State we notice less snow, and in Massachusetts the ice was all out of the streams, and grass was starting in the lowlands. We took our way through Massachusetts, stopping at Boston, Springfield, Northampton and other smaller places before reaching Greenfield on the Fitchburg R. R., when you take the train for the West. Went through the Hoosac tunnel in the evening, so could not see the entrance. It is lighted by 1,250 electric lights. The estimated cost before beginning work was \$1,946,557. The cost completed was over \$200,000,000. The total length of the tunnel is three and three-fourth miles. It is 26 feet wide and 38 high. At each end are facades of fine workmanship. Two thousand five hundred feet from the west end of the tunnel is the west shaft, for ventilation; this is 318 feet to the top. Twelve thousand four hundred and forty-four feet from the west end is the center shaft, or ventilator; this is 15 by 27 feet, 1028 feet to the top. These give good ventilation.

Our ride from the tunnel to Buffalo, N. Y., was in the night, so all the sights we saw were the glimmer of the electric lights in the large places that we passed through. Arrived in Buffalo just at daybreak, crossed the suspension bridge, and the train stopped for the passengers to look at Horse Shoe falls, but the fog was quite thick, so did not get a very good view of anything at a distance.

We were not very favorably impressed with anything in Ontario; could easily see a difference in the farms and buildings from those in the States. It might have been all in my eye, but I thought the buildings much poorer, very small and very shabby; the fodder is housed under the blue sky; straw stacked in the yard near the barn, if they were lucky enough to have one. Corn fodder was still standing in the fields, but very little stock kept in this country; and when you saw cows, if more than one, you would see a white one. While cows and black hogs and fodder is kept out of doors, how can any one prosper? The country is generally level and looks as though it might be good farming land, if properly worked. The roads are laid out straight as far as the eye can see; the fences are either old pine stumps or rails split and crossed at the corners, taking up some ten feet wide to build on. If there was any sale for wood, there is nearly wood enough in these fences to buy and build a neat wire fence.

It always makes me ache to touch a match to these kind of fences whenever I see them. Occasionally you will pass a strip that seems to be better improved; buildings good, fences of wire or some other substantial material. But take it all through, give me a back, Godforsaken farm in Maine in preference to Ontario, Michigan. This is a large city, but we did not make much of a stop. The Custom House looked us over and said all right, and we are on our way to Saginaw. Some of the way from Detroit to Saginaw is not the best of farming land, but what I have since seen of Michigan like it very well. By some change the sun has changed place since I left home. I know that I am all right, but the sun rises in the west and sets in the east. When they tell me to go north I always go south. I am thinking of getting up a petition and have the sun changed back again. Saginaw was struck out for a large city, and if the lumber had held out forever it might now be booming, but the boom is the wrong way now.

One of the editors told me there were 2700 rents in the city. I traveled over the city four days, and on every street you will see a card, "This house to rent." Many fine stores in the best part of the city are to rent. The streets are paved with blocks of wood cut eight inches long and set up on end, and these make quite a good street while new, but soon get worn out. The sidewalks are good, and are kept in good repair. Many men are idle, waiting for the mills to start up. I inquired if there would be plenty of work when the mills did start, and was told that there were old hands lying idle waiting for the mills to start. The way the mill owners did was to keep back a certain per cent of the wages, and would help the families through the winter, and the men went through this process year after year. If one of the old hands got starved out would give a place for a new hand. But the lumber business was about played out; but very little came here now compared to what did a few years ago. Many men with families, who can't get away, are working for thirty and forty cents per day.

I thought that was no place for a live Yankee, so shouldered my grip and took a trip to Lansing, the capital of Michigan. This is a fine place, but the same cry goes up here, "ten men to work for one." As

I could not find anything for the hands to do, thought I would find something for the eye, so went up to the State House and was shown over it from top to bottom. It is a fine structure of sandstone and brick. Total length, 420 feet; width, 267; height, 207 feet. From the top one can get a fine view of the city and surrounding country. There is a library of 75,000 volumes; should like to have stayed here long enough to have examined some of them, but time and capital forbade.

From here we took a trip of several days out through the country to see what

apple maggot by the use of Paris green, your correspondent's question must remain unanswered. It may be well, however, again to call the attention of your readers to the subject of spraying, and to the importance of knowing the *whys* and *wherefores* of the operation. Arsenical poisons—Paris green, London Purple, etc.—are used only to destroy insects which eat the leaves or fruit, such as bud moth, canker-worm, codling moth, etc., and these poisons are very effective when properly applied; but an attempt to control plant lice and the apple maggot in this way is



EXILE'S NINA, No. 40522.

the farmers were doing. We find them badly discouraged. Times have been growing worse for several years, and last year it was very dry and farmers sold every head of stock that they could spare, so this year they have not got much stock, and nothing to buy with.

I got back to the railroad, and go to Battle Creek, then to Kalamazoo. This is quite a place to raise celery and onions; there are acres and acres of black soil here, nearly level, that is planted to such stuff. Hard times are also here, and plenty of men waiting for good times to come to them. Wages for a good man are ten to sixteen dollars. But that does not have any temptation for me, so we move on to South Haven. This is on the east shore of Lake Michigan; a very pleasant place. Boats run from here to Chicago, one hundred miles southwest.

This is a great peach country, owing to Lake Michigan's influence on the weather. They tell me that peaches are raised from here to the straits of Mackinaw. A few years ago they thought peaches could only be raised near the lake, but they are going back eight or ten miles now. Last year there were over 2,000,000 baskets of peaches shipped from this place alone. There has been hundreds of thousands of peach trees set this spring. They say that a peach tree needs just as much care as a hill of corn. I have helped set 4,000 this spring. They set from 16 to 20 feet each way, in straight lines, so as to cultivate both ways. After the trees are set, trim to a whipsnot, as they say; then take a pair of horses and plow, turning the furrows towards the trees, banking them up; then keep the harrow, or drag, as they call it here, going to keep the weeds down. If properly taken care of, they will begin to bear in four or five years.

Choice Miscellany.

ROSE AYLMER'S GRAVE.

An English grave 'neath Indian skies,
Marked by a fallen stone,
And this is where Rose Aylmer lies,
Far, flowerless, and alone.
Rose Aylmer was a poet's love,
Sweet, beautiful and young;
Her elegy, in melody,
The poet lover sung.

About her grave no flowers grow,
No pleasant boughs are stirred,
No gentle sun, no quiet snow,
No English bee or bird.
The suns of springtime scorch the stone,
In summer, storm and raze
The winds that herald the cyclone,
The rains that lash the grave.

Rose Aylmer's sister flowers should spring
In whitest bloom above;
The roses London could not bring,
Far distant from her love.
And now a snake lives near her bed,
The crows perch on the rail,
A kite swoops past and overhead
The uncouth vultures sail.

"Ah, what avails the sequestered race,
What, what the form divine!
What every virtue, every grace!
Rose Aylmer, thou wert thine.
Rose Aylmer, whose wakeful eyes
May weep, but never sleep,
A night of unrepentant sighs
I consecrate to thee."

Ah, why regret the gloomy night,
The land of banishment?
This is her grave, but London's verse
Rose Aylmer's monument.

Rose Aylmer, on thy nameless lies
Love's rose immortally,
The Rose of memories and of sighs,
Once consecrate to thee.

—Temple Bar.

AN OUTLINE.

The girl I loved was married yesterday.
I read no more, my eyes are blurred with tears.
One line of print can bring back all the years
I deemed as dead and cold, strange years,
For we were young and dreams were passing
Sweet,
And earth seemed all to smile with tenderness
Upon our love, and we were happy—yes,
A thousand ways to life seemed complete.
This love I learned to love as I should,
And yet tonight I feel a dull, strange pain,
An ache here in the throat I cannot away;
I see again that quiet trick of her head,
The swelling of her throat—both dreams are
Gone.

The girl I loved was married yesterday.
—John Northern Hillard in Chicago Record.

DESOLATE.

O morning, hasten with your good
Of ceaseless care and tedious task;
Give me no respite from your load—
"Till all I ask.

O strife and tumult of the day,
O toils and trials manifold,
Close in as thickly as you may,
Loose not your hold on me.

To memory leave no briefest space
From earliest ray of dawning light,
For all too soon comes an eclipse—
Ah, God—the night.

—Minnie Leona Upton in Century.

BEAR SAWED THE LOGS.

Strange Tale of a Woodman and the Effects of a Pine Tree.

"I don't like to repeat a story about
Bullivan county unless I know it is
true," said Phil Kinney. Mr. Kinney
never tells a story except with the most
serious countenance, writes a corre-
spondent of the New York Press.

"A farmer," he said, "from Forest-
burg was here recently, and he told me
of an experience he had out in the
woods, and I'll give you my dinner if I
don't think he told the truth. You see,
he is one of our best farmers, and he
says plain hard doesn't hurt him. He
says plain hard doesn't hurt him. He
says, 'Put a little in my eye.'"

"Well, sir, he was getting out rail-
road ties down where he lives. He uses
in doing it one of those big, double
handed cross cut saws.

"Says he: 'I was a-savin away out
there in the snow, with my little
ferris wheel round me, and I was
jacks, when he sudden like puts his tail
twist them slender legs o' his'n and
digs out for him. I kinder looked
round, but blessed if I could set them
eyes o' mine on anything out the ordi-
nary. I kept on a-savin till it gits
time to eat my old woman's bits.

"I set down on a log an eat away,
an I sets the pull down when I was
through, an I savin my mince pie for
a little later. I fell into a dose, an when
I come to I was half black outen my
boots by a blasted big black bear sittin
longside an eatin my mince pie. I knew
better'n to try to get up 'fore he could
swat me with his paw. So I sets still,
a-shakin and a-shiverin. Purty soon I
heard them whistles a-blowing for 1
o'clock down in Fort Jervis. Then the
funniest part o' the hull business comen.
That they're bear jacks wiper
his nose in the snow an goes over an
ketches hold that saw and went to work.

"By gosh! I was expectin that he
would do some sort o' trouble to it, an
it was the only saw I had. But he
didn't. He saved off four or five logs
jes' the right length, an then he saw
the rest of that tree was too much for
me as it is, he looked round for an-
other tree. But there wasn't none down,
so he sets the saw up agin a tree an
goes off."

"I said to him then," continued
Phil, "You better have a little more
saw. He took a big drink and then
another. Then he says: 'Phil, I don't
want you to laugh at me, but I went
down there next day, an I cut down six
trees, an I put two mince pies in the
saw alongside the first one an went an
hid behind a tree. I waited till 2
o'clock, but that blasted bear never
showed up."

"Perils of a Joke in Germany."
This story illustrates the perils of
practical joking in Germany: Eighteen
months ago four gentlemen of leisure
from the Rhine country went to the kin-
ness in Bullay. They rode about with
a cabby and drank wine until they were
overtaken by the conditions of mind
and body which accompany these per-
formances at German festivals. Then
they began to dispute with the cabman
as to the weight of his horse and cab.
Eventually they offered him 50 pfen-
nigs—or about 12 cents—a pound for the
whole equipage. He accepted the offer.
The horse and cab went on the scales
and registered 8,000 pounds. The whole
outfit was worth about \$75, so the cab-
man hastened to surrender it and de-
mand his 12 cents a pound, or \$960 in
all. The four gentlemen of leisure then
protested that it was all a mistake, a
joke, in fact, and they couldn't think of
paying \$960 for a 75 cent equipage. They
went away, but the cabman sent horse
and cab after them by express C. O. D.

When the four gentlemen of leisure
refused to follow the practical part of
the joke farther, the cabman sued them
in court, in response to their appeals from
such moderate decision in his favor, and
two weeks ago obtained the final judg-
ment in his favor from the high court of

justice in Coblenz. The costs meantime
had risen to \$540, so the four gentlemen
of leisure were ordered by the court to
pay \$900, all told. That is the total cost
of the practical joke about the cabman's
\$75 outfit, excepting the private retain-
ers which, for the defense of the four
jokers through the steady legal fight of
a year and a half, are said to amount to
about \$600 more. The Bullay cabman
has bought a pair and a victoria and has
gone to Berlin to carry men with titles
and spurs on their boots.—New York
Sun.

THE HORSELESS CARRIAGE.

The Perfect Vehicle Will Come Into Use
Slowly but Surely.

A little reflection will convince any
one that the use of motorcycles, and in
other words, horseless carriages, will
improve the roads. General Morin of
France is authority for the statement
that the deterioration of common roads,
except that which is caused by the
weather, is two-thirds due to the wear
of horses' feet and one-third due to the
wheels of vehicles. This being the case,
if the same amount as usual continue
to be laid out upon the roads, and the
continual damage decrease two-thirds,
then the amount spent will go to in-
creased and permanent improvement,
and the roads will be "as smooth as a
barn floor."

There are many questions to be
solved, many difficulties to be sur-
mounted, before the unexceptionable
vehicle appears. It was a long time be-
fore the difficulties of making sewing
machines, revolvers, repeating rifles,
typewriters and typewriters were over-
come. Yet, examine them! It is all
plain and simple, and not at all marvel-
ous now, and we can hardly imagine
how any mechanic could spend years of
time studying over such easy problems.
So it will be with the motorcycle. The
mountains of difficulty will sink into
molehills, and the ingenuity displayed
will be found to take the form of judi-
cious application of mechanical prin-
ciples, approved by the final
empire, the common sense of mankind.

Those who build automobiles must
not permit themselves to think that they
were born with all the carriage makers'
lore inherent in them. A man may be
a first class theoretical and practical
mechanic and not be able to make a
good vehicle to run on wheels. The per-
fect carriage, as carriages, are the im-
ages of the years of exhaustive
trial and experiment and the improve-
ments that can be made by 1,000
men of genius.

If the carriage builders bestow upon
the new carriage all the art acquired in
building the old, and the motorcycle
men learn the reasons of the conveni-
encies of the trade and adapt their im-
provements to them with reference to
the opinions of those who are not pre-
judiced against innovation, they will
both work together in harmony and
with one purpose, and, so united, they
will make rapid progress in the devel-
opment of the inevitable vehicle of the
future.—Cassier's Magazine.

Should Plays Be Printed?

Moliere objected to the printing of his
plays on the ground that they were
meant to be acted on the stage, with the
costumes, scenery and illusions per-
taining thereto, and not to be read in the
closet. It was also inferred that
Shakespeare entertained the same notion
as Moliere, seeing how indifferent he
was as to the fate of his plays so long as
they were popular on the stage. There
is also the explicit declaration of Hey-
wood in the following terms:

"It hath been no custom in me of all
other men (courteous readers) to com-
mit my plays to the press. The reason,
though some may attribute to my own
insufficiency, I had rather subscribe in
that to their severe censure than by
seeking to avoid the imputation of weak-
ness, to incur greater suspicion of hon-
esty, for, though some have used a de-
clamatory style, I have been first to the
stage and after to the press, I here proclaim
myself ever faithful to the first and
never guilty of the last."

The author of the most successful
comedy of modern times exhibited the
same indifference to, or rather dislike
of, the printer. When "The School for
Scandal" met with so brilliant a recep-
tion, from its first appearance on May
8, 1777, the publisher, agreed
with Sheridan to its publication, but
he never succeeded in getting the manu-
script. He applied to the author in vain,
and at length got an answer. Sheridan
said that he had been 19 years endeavor-
ing to satisfy himself with the style of
the play, but had not yet succeeded.

The printing of the play was done in-
dependently of the author. He presented
a manuscript copy of it to the stage
manager, Mr. Lefan, at Dublin, and he
disposed of her own advantage to the
managers of the Dublin theater. This
brought her 100 guineas and free admis-
sions to the theater, and it was from the
manuscript thus procured that the Dub-
lin edition was printed.—Notes and
Queries.

His Musical Choice.

"Ethen" Kinglake was a great friend
of Mrs. Olga de Novikoff during her
sojourn in England, where one feature
of her entertainments was afternoon
musicals to which none but dilettanti
were invited. On one occasion Kinglake
presented a musical comedy of his own
composition, and as an intimate of the
house was admitted. He retired to a
corner and listened attentively. Madame
was surprised, but pleased, and ap-
proaching him said: "Which order of
music do you prefer, my friend—classic,
Italian or the Wagnerian school?"
"You do not know our great Glinka?"
"I assuredly am fond of music," he an-
swered, "but my taste is perhaps per-
verse. As an instrument I prefer the
drum." Madame took measures to pre-
vent his being admitted to these assem-
blies again.

English Ship Names.

The naming of ships is one of the
difficulties that the admiralty overcome
by using the old names over and over
again. To adopt a new name into the
navy seriously interferes with the ser-
vice signal books.

The old names are in the code, and
are as convenient for the ships of today
as for those of Nelson's time. But the
introduction of a new name necessitates
an alteration in all the books. That is
why the old names survive generation
after generation.—London World.

Beecham's pills for consti-

pation. 10¢ and 25¢. Get the
book at your druggist's and
go by it.

Annual sales more than 6,000,000 boxes.

A POSTMASTER'S WIFE.

A Leeds Woman Who Anticipated Her
Friends and Neighbors.

Near to death but restored so completely
that she has been accepted by the Life In-
surance Company as a Good Risk.

From the Journal, Leicester, Me.

A bright little woman, rosy and fresh
from her household duties, dropped into
a chair before the writer and talked with
enthusiasm about her new snapping,
black eyes.

The people in the pretty village of
Leeds Centre, Me., have watched with
some interest the restoration to complete
health of Mrs. W. L. Francis, wife of the
postmaster. So general were the com-
ments on this interesting case that the
writer who visited Mrs. Francis and
learned from her that the statements re-
garding her troubles and subsequent
extrication therefrom are entirely true.

All of her neighbors know what has been
the agency that has performed this cure,
but that others may be benefited by her
experience, Mrs. Francis has consented
to allow her story to appear in print.

"If there is anything on earth I dread
more than another," she said, "it is to
see my name in the papers. But in this
case, to conquer my repugnance and give
publicity to the same credit to the service
of my life as I would to one who had
dragged me from a death beneath the
wheels. In fact, I have extolled my pre-
servator so enthusiastically and unreserved-
ly have sought out sufferers and recom-
mended the remedy to so many friends
and acquaintances that already my neigh-
bors jocularly call me, 'Pink Pills Fran-
cis.' But really, my recovery is some-
thing that I consider wonderful. I know
that there are so many testimonials of
medicine in the papers nowadays that
people do not pay as much heed as for-
merly, but I do wish folks who are suffer-
ing would remember that what I say
comes right from the heart of a woman
who feels that she has a new lease of
happy life given to her."

"Eleven years ago I was afflicted with
nervous prostration. My existence until
two years ago was one of dragging
misery. Anyone in the slightest degree
of my condition. My blood seemed
exhausted from my veins, and month
after month I grew weaker. I was able
to undertake only the lightest household
work, and even that I could perform
only by slow and careful movements.

During all these sorry months and years
I was under the care of this doctor and
that, but their medicines helped me only
spasmodically. I was forced to rest and
relapses more prostrating than ever."

"In the night I used to be awakened
by the most excruciating pains in my
heart and side, and was obliged to use
pellets of powerful medicine that the
doctor gave me for the purpose. At last
my condition became so grave that
I went out only infrequently. We live
up stairs, you notice, over my hus-
band's store, and in descending the stair-
case I frequently felt as if I were about
to fall and slide over the steps in order
to descend, such was the strain on my
system resulting from even this slight
exertion. Occasionally I visited the neigh-
bors, but was obliged to sit and rest to
prevent breathlessness. For days the party
elevation. In short, it did not seem that
I could live, so that my complete
physical prostration."

One day I saw an advertisement of
Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People,
and although my faith in remedies was
weak by that time, I sent for a box and
tried them. That was two years ago.
Now I call myself a well woman. Isn't
it wonderful?"

"I haven't had one of those excruciat-
ing pains in the heart for a year and a
half. Why, even the first box of pills
helped me. I can walk miles now; can
do my work easily; have gained in weight
and vigor. I would not have believed it
if I had not seen the box. I was exam-
ined for endowment life insurance and
was accepted unhesitatingly after a care-
ful examination by the physician."

"Do you wonder that I am about to
'Pink Pills' all through our village? We
haven't taken any of the remedy for some
months for it has completely built me
up, but at the first sign of trouble I
know to what refuge to flee."

"Last winter, Mr. M. A. Blossom,
of Dixfield, P. O., was here visiting me.
She was suffering from lack of
vitality and heart trouble, but she was
doubtful about my remedy that I was so
enthusiastic about. She tried it, and
however, she tried it and carried some
home with her when she went. A little
while ago I received a letter from her
and in it said, 'I am cured, thanks to
your Pink Pills. She also wrote
that her husband had been prostrated,
but had been restored by the remedy."

"We feel up this way that such a
sovereign cure cannot be too widely
known. That is the only reason why I
allow my name to be used in this con-
nection. I know also that by personally
recommending them I have helped many
of my friends back to health, for I never
let an opportunity pass when a word of
encouragement was needed."

One of the persons to whom Mrs. Fran-
cis recommended Pink Pills is Station
Agent C. H. Foster of Leeds Centre, and
the reporter found him patrolling the
streets, awaiting the arrival of the
morning train. Mr. Foster is one of
the most trustworthy, capable and
energetic men in the employ of the Maine
Central railroad, appeared in unusually
good health and spirits, and we made in-
quiries as to the cause of his recovery.

"Do you know," replied he, "I think
I've made a discovery, or at least Mrs.
Francis has for me. I have been in poor
health for a long time with a heart
trouble, and I bought a box of the
remedy. I have been so fully interested in
Mrs. Francis' wonderful recovery that I
at once determined to give the medicine
recommended a thorough test. So, on
two mornings, I bought a box of the
box of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Only
two months, please note, yet already I
am so much improved, so much better
able to fulfill my duties, so sanguine
that I am on the verge of recovery, that I
feel like a new man."

"I can now walk without the fatigue I
once experienced, my heart affection ap-
pears to be relieved, and I have joined
the 'Pink Pills' Band in our community."
Mr. Foster commented that the pills
at a time when he was completely pro-
strated, after he had suffered such a severe
attack of heart trouble that it was neces-
sary to carry him home from his office.
He then said he would adhere to the
remedy and is constantly improving,
so much so as to excite his enthusiasm
and his gratitude.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain, in a
concentrated form, all the elements ne-
cessary to give new life and richness to the
blood and restore shattered nerves. They
are an unfailing specific for such dis-
eases as locomotor ataxia, partial para-
lysis, St. Vitus' dance, sciatica, neural-
gia, rheumatism, nervous headache, the
after effect of the grippe, palpitation of
the heart, pale and sallow complexion, all
forms of weakness either in male or
female. Pink Pills are sold by all dealers
or, for a full list of names, send for a
price, (50 cents a box, or six boxes for
\$2.50) they are never sold in bulk or for
the (100) by addressing Dr. Williams'
Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

"Mrs. Murphy calls her slipper Cas-
tor?"

"Because the children cry after it!"

"I say, blossom, how do you pronounce
c-o-s-t-o-r-a-t?" "Why, castor, of course;
how else could it be?" "Well, the doc-
tors pronounce it har-mess!"

GRANT AND UNCLE BEN.

The President Remembered the Old Man
Who Was Kind to Him.

D. R. Garrison told a story to Gen-
eral Schofield at the Dent House which
illustrates to a certain extent the kind-
heartedness of General Grant.

Grant was a great lover of horses, and while
he was president he came on a visit to
St. Louis, and Mr. Garrison, at that
time president of the old Pacific road,
took him out to his farm. They started
off in a buggy for a drive, and after go-
ing some distance met an old man go-
ing along on a horse. The man was in
his shirt sleeves and wore a straw hat,
but Grant recognized him, and, stop-
ping the buggy, he got out, and walk-
ing up to the old man put out his hand
and said: "Hello, Uncle Ben! How are
you and the old woman getting along?"

The old man was Uncle Ben Sapping-
ton. He welcomed the president and
said that he was getting along very
well. He remarked that they were hap-
py as long as they had enough to eat
and a pipe and a little tobacco.

"Uncle Ben, wouldn't you like to be
postmaster of Meramec township?" asked
the president.

When Grant got back in the buggy,
the tears were streaming from his eyes,
and he said to Mr. Garrison: "Poor old
Uncle Ben. He has a big heart. I re-
member him," "when I and my wife,
living in that house over there, did not
have any more to eat than needed,
and old Uncle Ben would come around
to the house at night and leave a
basket of provisions on our doorstep.
He was afraid to come and give them
to us, thinking that he would possibly
hurt our feelings. God bless his mem-
ory!"

Uncle Ben was made postmaster, and
after living to a ripe old age he joined
the great majority and was followed by
Grant a few years ago.—St. Louis Re-
public.

OOM PAUL'S EFFECTIVE PRAYER.

This Story May Not Be True, but It Is Far
From Impossible.

Here is a little anecdote told, not by a
malicious outsider, but by a Boer.
In the early days, before the Transvaal
was a republic, there was a famine in
the land, and a party was organized to
hunt the herds of the Boers. The party
scoured the veldt in vain; there was no
sign of game of any description. Then
one of the Boers declared his intention
of retiring into the bush to pray for suc-
cess, as did the patriarchs of old. He ac-
cordingly left the party in company with
a native and disappeared into the bush.

Some hours afterward the Boer re-
turned and informed the party solemnly
that he had prayed, and in three days
the hunt had been successful. There was a
large troop of herds, and the party
would pass that way. The party re-
mained at the camp, and, sure enough,
two days after the promised game ap-
peared in sight, and the Dutchmen, with
thankful heart, made a great haul.

From that moment "the man of pray-
er" became the popular hero until he
was elected president of the South Afri-
can republic. That man was Paul Kruger.

And now listen to the edifying sequel:
It was some time afterward that the
native who accompanied Kruger into the
bush gave his version of the affair. The
native stated that when Kruger entered
the bush he did not pray, but struck out
for a neighboring Kaffir kraal. Calling
the headmen, the Boer informed them
that the white people were starving and
that he wished to buy some of their
game. The only game used in the kraal
was a large number of Boers on the other
side of the bush, who had sent him to
tell them that unless they (the natives)
discovered game in less than three days
they would all be shot. Knowing Boer
methods only too well, the frightened
natives set out forthwith, discovered the
game and drove it toward the Boer
camp.—London Figaro.

Chinese Treatment of Children.

However little liked the Chinaman
may be by his white neighbors, I have
at all times found that the Chinese had
at least one good and praiseworthy qual-
ity—the kindness shown by all of them
toward their children. The poorest
parents always seem able to save money
to array their little ones in gay
garments on New Year's day or other
holidays. The children in turn seem to
be remarkably well behaved and respect-
ful toward their elders, and rarely if
ever receive corporal punishment. Their
childhood more than most American
children. On almost any sunny day
time and ground fathers may be seen
at every turn in Chinatown carrying his
brightly attired youngster in his arms.

Other little tots, hardly old enough to
feel quite steady on their legs, toddle
about with infants strapped on their
backs. They do not appear to mind this,
and it does not seem to interfere with
their childish pastimes. About the time
of the Chinese New Year Chinese chil-
dren are particularly favored, and the
fond fathers deny them nothing. The
little ones always appear to be well pro-
vided with pocket money to buy toys
and candies.—Theodore Wores in St.
Nicholas.

An Artist Without Arms.

The comrade without arms was a
most assiduous worker. It was amusing
to watch his mitted foot step out of
their shoes and at the shortest notice
proceed to do duty as hands. His nim-
ble toes would screw and unscrew the
tops of the color tubes or handle the
brush as steadily as the best and dearest
of some bird it will suddenly stop
and break out with the quacking of a
duck or some other ludicrous sound.

Numbering Thread.

The questions, "Why is spool cotton
numbered as it is; and why are figures
not used in regular order?" are often
asked. The explanation is this: The
numbers on the spool express the num-
ber of hanks which are required to
wind a pound. The very finest spinning
rarely exceeds 800 hanks to the pound,
while in the very coarsest there is about
a half pound to each hank. The more
common qualities, however, those from
which sewing thread is usually made,
run from 10 to 80 hanks to the pound,
and the spools on which it is wound are
numbered 10 to 80 in accordance.

Fancy Cotton Waists.

"Fancy cotton waists are of cotton
and silk craped goods, silk gingham,
organdy, dotted Swiss, dimity, etc.,"
writes Emma M. Hooper in Ladies'
Home Journal. "They are unlined,
and are an enforcement of the same goods
around the armholes, or with a lining
of plain lawn of the predominance color."

One of the silk and cotton crapes of an
ecru ground, with dark pink roses and
green leaves, was lined with a deep pink
lawn, which gave a rosy tinge to the
entire garment. It had only side and
shoulder seams and was shirred at the
neck and waist line, back and front.
Instead of a drawing string half inch
white elastic was run around the waist
line in a casing, which kept the waist
down and allowed the person wearing
it to move the fullness as it should be
when the garment was on.

"The sleeves were the full, straight
bishop shape, with a cuff 4 inches deep.
The high collar was 2 inches deep when
finished. The trimming consisted of No. 12
green satin ribbon laid over No. 12
pink for a band collar with bow at back,
a row on the cuffs, with bow; belt and
waist and bretteles back and front, from
waist line to shoulder, with a bow at
the latter part. A ruffle of two inch lace
was sewed thickly around the inside of
the collar and allowed to stand out all
around. This waist required eight yards
of each ribbon, a yard of lace, five yards
of crape and four yards of 30 inch lawn,
and was suitable for all summer visit-
ing demi evening toilet wear."

Children's Dresses.
The sailor dresses have been a boon to
mothers. This year they are again to be
in fashion. Striped linen is cooler than
serge and galatee, duck or pig, and
does not look nearly so smart. For play
and hard wear sailor dresses are the best
style. They are made with full skirts,
sometimes plaited, again with plain
front breadth and the rest of the skirt
laid in plaits. The skirt is attached to
a thin, sleeveless waist, over which is
put the full blouse with sailor collar.
On the front of the waist the white col-
ored vest piece is sewed with its high
band around the neck. These sailor
dresses are expensive at the first of the
season, but later can be bought for less
than it costs to have them made at
home, and as the case with most
readily well sewed.

Children's dresses are made very
daintily, with large, white embroidered
collars and white insertion. The ma-
terials are dimities, piques, chambray
and polka dotted linens and muslins—
all good old fashioned, sounding stuffs.
For instance, for a girl of 8: A pink
pique made with jacket and skirt, a
white blouse waist of embroidery and
insertion, with a wide sailor collar.
Pretty are the poke bonnets prepared for
little tots from 2 to 4. They are made
in delicate shades of dotted Swiss or
gauze, with face trimmings of lace or
ribbon.—Chicago Times-Herald.

A Delightful Scheme.

The skillful maiden with bright ideas
has discovered a scheme by which she is
able to have many pretty silk waists
without the expense of a dressmaker or
the agony of trying to fit them. A high
necked, well fitting corset cover is
bought, and with the aid of a pattern
for the full front waist the task is ac-
complished in no time, and the result is
charming. The only seams used are the
under arm seams. With a handsome
skirt the young woman in moderate cir-
cumstances is able to "fake it" most
successfully during this fall of black
skirts and various waists. But with the
advent of the cloth suit our little am-
bitious friend will be lost unless she fol-
low the example of one clever Chicago
girl, who has more brains than money
and is fond of good looking clothes.
For a few dollars she learned a system
of dressmaking. In the era of sales the
material is a mere cipher, so with the
help of her nimble fingers and invari-
able good taste this young woman is one
of the best, the most striking and cheap-
est dressed women in Chicago.—Chicago
Post.

A Necessary Accomplishment.

Speaking of wheels, a smart young
woman says that one has to know how
to ride nowadays, just as one has to
know how to play cards or tennis, or do
any popular thing, to be an agreeable
visitor. "If I asked to go to a country
house with a party," says this author,
"I put in my bicycle suit just as I
used to carry my riding habit, for there
is sure to be a wheeling expedition ar-
ranged. One does not have to take one's
wheel, either—one need not have one,
indeed, for it is the very modest house
party entertainer these days who has not
from one to six wheels at the disposal of
her guests."—New York World.

Mrs. Sarah Whitman.

Mrs. Sarah Whitman of Boston, the
designer of the three beautiful windows
recently placed in Trinity chapel as a
memorial to Phillips Brooks, is known
also as a portrait painter, though her
work of late years has been devoted al-
most exclusively to some very delicate
effects in stained glass. This latest pro-
duction shows remarkable skill in de-
signing

Maine Farmer.

ESTABLISHED IN 1833.

Published every Thursday, by
Badger & Manley,
AUGUSTA, MAINE.

THURSDAY, JUNE 4, 1896.

TERMS.
\$1.50 IN ADVANCE; OR \$2.00 IF NOT PAID
WITHIN ONE YEAR OF DATE OF
SUBSCRIPTION.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.
For one inch space, \$2.50 for three inser-
tions and seventy-two cents for each subse-
quent insertion.

COLLECTORS' NOTICES.
Mr. C. S. ARTHUR, our Agent, is now calling
upon our subscribers in Cumberland county.
Mr. J. W. KELLOGG is now calling upon our
subscribers in Hancock county.

The observance of Memorial Day was
more general throughout Maine than
ever before. We haven't the space to go
into the details.

Why is a man just discharged from
his work like a member of the hose de-
partment? He belongs to the fire (d)
department. Turn on the hose!

The rain of Sunday, full and copious,
did the business for the grass. It was
the first solid rain since last March. A
couple of warm rains or so in June, will
ensure a very fine grass crop.

The fearful climatic disasters at the
West make us of the East feel grateful
to the kind Providence that thus far has
preserved us from such devastating hor-
rors.

The New York Tribune's latest table
of delegates to St. Louis gives McKinley
557, or 97 more than a majority. The
convention is to be held on the 16th, and
we shall soon know.

One of the large breeders, in writing
for a premium list to the officers of the
State Fair, a man who attends and ex-
hibits largely, says, "I want a list of
premiums for the *Banner* Fair of the
East." This is strong praise, but when
all things are considered who can ques-
tion the statement?

The "Free Religious Association of
America," established at Boston for the
purpose of advocating "freedom in re-
ligion," is dying out. All they could
rally at an important meeting were fifteen
members, and all seemed to agree that
the association was at all sea, had no
clear ideas, and was drifting off to sleep.

Although Chicago is recognized as the
largest port center in the world, it is a
fact, nevertheless, that a large percent-
age of the grammar school children of
that city have never seen a live hog or
sheep, and the Park Commissioners have
been requested to place specimens of
these animals in the zoological parks.

The sophomore ivy day exercises at
the Maine State College were held at
2.30 P. M., Friday. The exercises were
as follows: Prayer, Walter J. Morrill;
oration, Charles S. Webster; poem, Her-
bert I. Libby; class history, Charles A.
Pearce; presentations; charge to Cu-
rator Libby. The planting of the ivy on
the campus followed.

The National House, last week, made
provision for the payment of \$2,000,000
of French Spoilation claims. This is a
fairly good slice, but these claims are
more than a century old, and Congress
should brace up so that the great-great-
great-grandchildren of the original suf-
ferers may not die of old age before the
money reaches them.

Hon. S. W. Matthews, labor commis-
sioner, will start early this month, on
preparing information on the tannery,
starch, iron and shipbuilding industries
of the State, on which special articles
will be made up for the reports of the
bureau, along with the various other
manufacturing and industrial pursuits,
which will be investigated later. As last
year was given to the labor question, cost
of living, wages, etc., so this year will
be devoted to profits, expenses and costs
on manufactures.

The coming Maine insurance report
will show that the receipts and disburse-
ments of this department for the year
1895, exhibit a net profit of over \$40,000,
the largest in the history of the depart-
ment. This showing compared with the
other States is very flattering and re-
flects great credit upon the commis-
sioner, Hon. S. W. Carr. The total receipts
for the year were \$46,458.88, expenses,
\$6,377.19, leaving a balance of \$40,081.69,
which will go into the State treasury.
In the \$6,377.19 are included all the ex-
penses of the department. The year
past has been a profitable one in many
respects. The returns from taxation
have been the fees and licenses, the lat-
ter together being something over \$10,-
000, covering the entire expense with
nearly \$4,000 to spare.

Mr. Stanley H. Holmes, in his fine or-
ation at Meunian Hall, the other evening,
very properly warned the people against
the dangers of vast accumulations of
wealth by individuals, millionaires now
being found in almost every village of
the land. This great centralization of
wealth, with its powerful influence, to
which the most of us bow, some con-
sciously and others unconsciously, is
certainly a menace to the Republic that
began its life very simply; but how to
stop it is the question. Some men have
a "knack" in making money that others
are not possessed of. The possibilities
of the exercise of that faculty in this
country are simply wonderful. Some men
are bound to be rich, while others
will remain poor. Some have the gum-
ption to succeed, coupled with fatuous
circumstances, while others will fail in
the rear and become deplorable failures.
And we confess, right here, we don't
know how that can be prevented, no
more than the orator to whom we have
referred. Certainly no legal enactments
can prevent it. A recipe to make every-
body rich would sell like hot cakes, but
it wouldn't be half as desirable as a
recipe to make everybody happy and
contented amid the trials and vicissitudes
of life.

THE FALL OF DEATH.

Probably the most appalling calamity of
the kind that ever occurred in this coun-
try, rushing death and destruction in its
pathway, was the tornado which swept
over St. Louis, Mo., and East St.
Louis, Ill., Wednesday afternoon about 5
o'clock. These places and the outlying
districts were placed in a state of panic,
fire with its direful results following
close on the heels of the destructive tor-
nado. The day had been a most oppres-
sive one, the people suffering from the
heat. Soon the clouds piled up and dark-
ness came. There seemed to be three
separate cyclones. They came from the
northwest, the west and the south-
west. When they reached the Missis-
sippi river they had become one. The de-
scent was so sudden that the fleeing
women and children were caught in the
streets and hurled to destruction or
buried under falling walls. Before the
mass of clouds in the west, hanging over
the villages of Clayton, Ferneridge, Eden
and Central, gave vent to their frightful
contents, the funnels shot out from them.
Some of these seemed to be projected
into the air, others leaped to the earth,
twisting and turning. Lightning played
about them and there was a marvelous
electrical display. Then came the out-
burst. Three of the funnels approached
St. Louis, traveling at the rate of 80
miles an hour.

From the clouds above a strange crack-
ling sound came. This filled the air and
at times was stronger than the incessant
peals of thunder. The funnels enveloped
the western side of the city and in thirty
minutes was wreaking destruction. So
destructive was the cyclone and so irre-
sistible and so much greater in magni-
tude than any other that part of the
country has ever known of, that some of
the staunchest business blocks were torn
down before it. Iron beams were torn
from their fastenings and carried away
as if they were feathers. Roofs braced
and held to their positions by every de-
vice known to the best builders of any
where, were torn off as if held only by
threads. Telegraph poles fell in long
rows, not coming down one by one, but
in groups of a dozen or more at a time.
The east end of the Eads bridge, one of
the most solid and finest bridges in the
world, was destroyed. Some other great
bridges spanning the Mississippi were
all injured.

Scores of persons were drowned, or
after being killed on the land, their life-
less bodies were blown into the water.
Steamers were blown high on the banks.
Others were turned around. Still others,
after being torn from their moorings,
disappeared and have not yet been heard
from. As a rule the smaller crafts were
sunk. No rule within the city limits
did the funnels rise and fall from the
ground, as is usually the case in cyclones
in small places.

In East St. Louis the destruction was
greater than in St. Louis proper. There
was utter darkness. Telephones were
useless. Telegrams were impossible.
Husbands could not get word to their
residences. Wives at home could not
reach husbands. Breaking at the hour
it did, and the night following, the work
of rescue was slow. The scenes through-
out the two places were indescribable.
From all sides came the groans of injured
persons, while others lay unconscious
and apparently dead. The scene was
most heart-rending. Hundreds of resi-
dents all over the city were either total-
ly wrecked or badly damaged, and even
the staunchest buildings succumbed to
the fury of the gale.

A careful scrutiny of the data at hand
justifies the statement that the following
figures of the killed and injured in the
named places will be found approximately
correct:

St. Louis, Mo., 250 killed, 400 injured.
East St. Louis, Ill., 145 killed, 250 in-
jured.

In the above two places 124 persons
are reported missing.

Vandalia, Ill., and vicinity, 13 killed,
15 injured.

Centralia, Ill., and vicinity, 40 killed,
35 injured.

Mr. Vernon, Ill., and vicinity, 6 killed,
20 injured.

New Madrid, Ill., and vicinity, 7 killed,
30 injured.

Richfield, Ill., 4 killed.

Rushville, Ill., 4 killed, 26 injured.

New Baden, Ill., 10 killed, 15 injured.

Jefferson City, Ill., 4 killed.

Harmony, Ill., 2 killed.

Brinker Station, Ill., 8 killed, 30 in-
jured.

Breckinridge, Ill., 2 killed.

Fairfield, Ill., 1 killed.

Macouhath, Ill., 1 killed.

Gratiot, Mo., 1 killed.

Mexico, Mo., and vicinity, 6 killed, 30
injured.

Warsaw, Ind., 2 killed, 5 injured.

When we come to the loss of property
in St. Louis and East St. Louis it is
harder to get at, but the aggregate is
put at \$20,000,000. Those are the figures
given by Prof. Bauman, an expert in-
surance adjuster.

The principal damage to buildings in
St. Louis may be summarized as follows,
although there are other damages not
reported:

City Hospital, southwestern suburbs,
unroofed.

Poorhouse, southwestern suburbs, un-
roofed.

Concordia, Turner Hall, Sixth and
Soulard, demolished.

Convention Auditorium, Twelfth and
Clark avenue.

Soulard Market, South Broadway, de-
molished.

At fair grounds, grand stand, 350 feet
long, unroofed.

So. Louis Wooden Gutter Company's
factory, South Sixth street, wrecked.

Church of the Annunciation, Sixth
and Hickory, demolished.

St. Patrick's church, Eighth and Carr
streets, demolished.

St. Paul's church, Ninth and Lafay-
ette avenue, razed.

St. Vincent's church, Ninth and Mar-
ton streets, demolished.

Annunciation church, Sixth and La
Salle streets, wrecked.

Trinity Lutheran church, Eighth and
Hickory streets, demolished.

St. Vincent's church, Ninth and Park
avenue, windows out and tower off.

St. Peter and Paul church, Seventh
street and Allen avenue, total loss.

St. Louis Railway Company's power
house, Jefferson and Geyer avenues, total
loss.

Fourth street cable power house,
Geyer and Jefferson avenues, total loss.

Jefferson avenue railway car shops,
Jefferson avenue and La Salle street, de-
molished.

Elevator B, foot of Chouteau avenue,
collapsed.

Gas tank Laclede Gas Company,
Twelfth street and Chouteau avenue, ex-
ploded.

Cupple's building, large wholesale
grocery and wooden warehouse, Seventh
and Spruce streets, damaged by fire.

South side race track, totally de-
stroyed.

Bicycle factory, Maine and Park
avenue.

Four courts, Twelfth street and Clark
avenue, East prison wall blown out.

Schneider's Summer Theatre, Missis-
sippi and Chouteau avenues, dismantled.

Water's Pierce Oil Company's tanks,
Fourteenth and Papin streets, exploded.

Merchants' Exchange, Third and Pine
streets, unroofed and flooded.

On surveying the desolate scene one
marvels that the number of deaths is not
much greater.

Building Commissioner Randall of St.
Louis, on Monday, said: "Our inspectors
will not report for a week, but from
what they say around the office, I would
say that the total number of houses to-
tally destroyed, would number 10,000.
The damage, it can safely be said, will
average a round \$1500 to each building."

Bethel Centennial.
At the centennial of Bethel, which
occurs June 10, it is confidently expected
that thousands will be present from all
parts of New England, and a grand good
time is contemplated. The first white
child born within the limits of what is
now the thriving and beautiful village of
Bethel Hill, was the grandfather of Dr.
Twitchell of the *Farmer*. In the pro-
gramme following the banquet appears
this sentiment:

"An Old Agricultural Feast, with Hens on
Side."
Our rural ancestors, with little bliss,
Patient of labour when the end was rest,
Indulged the day that housed their annual
grain.
With feasts and offerings and a thankful
strain."

Response by Dr. G. M. Twitchell, Sec. Maine
State Fair.
The speakers are to be Judge E. W.
Woodbury, Judge Enoch Foster, Hon.
W. P. Frye, Hon. Nelson Dingley, Jr.,
Judge L. C. Stearns, Mr. G. A. Robert-
son, Dr. G. M. Twitchell, and others.
Hon. A. S. Twitchell, Gorham, N. H.,
will act as toastmaster, and Mrs. A. E.
Herrick, Bethel, will read an original
poem.

Berlin Commencement.
Following is the programme of exer-
cises during commencement week at
Bowdoin College, June 21-26:

Sunday, June 21—Baccalaureate sermon by
the President in the Congregational church,
4 P. M.

Monday, June 22—Junior prize declamation
in Memorial hall, 8 P. M.

Tuesday, June 23—Class day exercises of
graduating class in Memorial hall, 10 A. M.;
under the Thorndike oak, 3 P. M.; illumina-
tion of the campus and promenade con-
cert in the evening.

Wednesday, June 24—Graduating exercises
Medical School of Maine, Memorial hall, 9 A. M.;
with annual address by Prof. S. Morse,
D. D. of Salem; annual meeting of Maine
Historical Society, Cleveland lecture room,
2 P. M.; annual meeting Psi Beta Kappa Frater-
nity, Adams hall, 4 P. M.; commencement
concert, Towry hall, 8 P. M.

Thursday, June 25—Annual meeting Alumni
Association, Memorial hall, 9 A. M.; com-
mencement exercises, Congregational church,
10.30 A. M.; followed by commencement din-
ner in the gymnasium; reception by Presi-
dent and Mrs. Hyde, Memorial hall, 8 to 10
P. M.

Friday, June 26—Examination of candi-
dates for admission to the college, Cleveland
lecture room, Massachusetts hall, 8.30 A. M.

Monument to Moses Owen.
A handsome monument is now being
made to be placed on the grave of the
late Moses Owen at Bath. Mr. Owen
was the author of the immortal poem,
"The Returned Battle Flag." The monu-
ment was designed by William Liberty
and is composed of fine granite. On the
stone will be engraved the following:

By the Alumni of the
Bath High School
to the memory of
Moses Owen
Born, Bath, July 21, 1838
Died, Augusta, Nov. 1878
"Farewell to you dear ones! In gloom and
I see my bright star sink in darkness away,
And I ask myself if a bright happy morrow
Shall dawn on the heart that has squandered
its day."

Mr. Beck's Fine Horse.
Men who are casting about for a horse to
breed good mares to oftentimes go
far from home and return empty handed.
The farmers of Kennebec Valley
have in Augusta a horse whose colts are
fully demonstrating his worth as a sire,
being large, well formed, strong in limb,
beautiful in color and smooth in action.
Such colts should insure the popularity
of their sire Scampton Electricity, the
imported Cleveland Bay stallion, owned
by Mr. F. P. Beck, Augusta. Better put
up your feelings it would be hard to find,
and every owner is enthusiastic in praise.
Read Mr. Beck's advertisement in another
column, and see this horse and
his colts before breeding this year.

What They Say.
"Should have the *Maine Farmer* at
\$5.00 a year, if I could get it for no less."
"A simple direction, followed, has
saved my corn, peas, etc., from the
crows for years."

The management of the Oxford County
Agricultural Society deserve praise for
their refusal to open the fair grounds to
sports upon the day that belongs to the
soldier boys, and is set apart to honor
the memory of those who died to save
the nation.

Mr. M. C. Oliver, Woolwich, has a very
nice pair of gray, bought a year or two
since of Charles Traak, Gardiner, which
he works on his farm, and does more or
less for his neighbors; extra workers,
fat and smooth.

Mark M. Pomeroy of Brooklyn, N. Y.,
known during the war as a vigorous pa-
triotic writer, signing his name as "Brick
Pomeroy," died on Saturday.

We learn from the Bible that Paul's
mother owned real estate. For didn't
he preach on *Field's Hill*?

Kate Field, the well known writer,
died in Honolulu, May 19, of pneumonia.

MEMORIAL DAY IN AUGUSTA.

The day was observed in this city with
the usual ceremony, the passing shower
in the afternoon wetting down the pro-
cession while it was passing through the
streets. All the places of business were
closed, the people giving them-
selves up to the delightful though solemn
services of the day. The graves in the
outlying cemeteries were decorated in
the forenoon by delegations from the G.
A. R. Post.

The line of procession was formed on
Water street, at half past one o'clock, in
the afternoon, in the following order:

Augusta Police, H. T. Morse, Chief
Geo. E. Gay, Marshal of the Day
V. M. Loring, Chief of Staff
George Doughty, Asst. Adj. General
Aldis, J. W. G. P. Gannett, C. W.
Weymouth, N. T. Folsom, R. J. Martin, G.
H. Pettigill, G. F. Dill, W. W. Jackson.

Company "F," First Regiment, U. S. M.
Lieut. D. W. Loveloy, Commanding
Henry G. Staples Camp, S. of V.
Capt. C. H. Crandall, Commanding
Seth Williams Post, No. 13, G. A. R.
Capt. C. H. Crandall, Commanding
St. John the Baptist Society.
F. E. Jacques, President.

Augusta Fire Department, Chief Engineer,
F. J. Ricker, 1st Asst. Engineer, Elbridge
F. J. Ricker, 2nd Asst. Engineer, E. H. Gay,
C. W. Ricker, 3rd Asst. Engineer, E. H. Gay,
C. W. Ricker, 4th Asst. Engineer, E. H. Gay,
C. W. Ricker, 5th Asst. Engineer, E. H. Gay,
C. W. Ricker, 6th Asst. Engineer, E. H. Gay,
C. W. Ricker, 7th Asst. Engineer, E. H. Gay,
C. W. Ricker, 8th Asst. Engineer, E. H. Gay,
C. W. Ricker, 9th Asst. Engineer, E. H. Gay,
C. W. Ricker, 10th Asst. Engineer, E. H. Gay,
C. W. Ricker, 11th Asst. Engineer, E. H. Gay,
C. W. Ricker, 12th Asst. Engineer, E. H. Gay,
C. W. Ricker, 13th Asst. Engineer, E. H. Gay,
C. W. Ricker, 14th Asst. Engineer, E. H. Gay,
C. W. Ricker, 15th Asst. Engineer, E. H. Gay,
C. W. Ricker, 16th Asst. Engineer, E. H. Gay,
C. W. Ricker, 17th Asst. Engineer, E. H. Gay,
C. W. Ricker, 18th Asst. Engineer, E. H. Gay,
C. W. Ricker, 19th Asst. Engineer, E. H. Gay,
C. W. Ricker, 20th Asst. Engineer, E. H. Gay,
C. W. Ricker, 21st Asst. Engineer, E. H. Gay,
C. W. Ricker, 22nd Asst. Engineer, E. H. Gay,
C. W. Ricker, 23rd Asst. Engineer, E. H. Gay,
C. W. Ricker, 24th Asst. Engineer, E. H. Gay,
C. W. Ricker, 25th Asst. Engineer, E. H. Gay,
C. W. Ricker, 26th Asst. Engineer, E. H. Gay,
C. W. Ricker, 27th Asst. Engineer, E. H. Gay,
C. W. Ricker, 28th Asst. Engineer, E. H. Gay,
C. W. Ricker, 29th Asst. Engineer, E. H. Gay,
C. W. Ricker, 30th Asst. Engineer, E. H. Gay,
C. W. Ricker, 31st Asst. Engineer, E. H. Gay,
C. W. Ricker, 32nd Asst. Engineer, E. H. Gay,
C. W. Ricker, 33rd Asst. Engineer, E. H. Gay,
C. W. Ricker, 34th Asst. Engineer, E. H. Gay,
C. W. Ricker, 35th Asst. Engineer, E. H. Gay,
C. W. Ricker, 36th Asst. Engineer, E. H. Gay,
C. W. Ricker, 37th Asst. Engineer, E. H. Gay,
C. W. Ricker, 38th Asst. Engineer, E. H. Gay,
C. W. Ricker, 39th Asst. Engineer, E. H. Gay,
C. W. Ricker, 40th Asst. Engineer, E. H. Gay,
C. W. Ricker, 41st Asst. Engineer, E. H. Gay,
C. W. Ricker, 42nd Asst. Engineer, E. H. Gay,
C. W. Ricker, 43rd Asst. Engineer, E. H. Gay,
C. W. Ricker, 44th Asst. Engineer, E. H. Gay,
C. W. Ricker, 45th Asst. Engineer, E. H. Gay,
C. W. Ricker, 46th Asst. Engineer, E. H. Gay,
C. W. Ricker, 47th Asst. Engineer, E. H. Gay,
C. W. Ricker, 48th Asst. Engineer, E. H. Gay,
C. W. Ricker, 49th Asst. Engineer, E. H. Gay,
C. W. Ricker, 50th Asst. Engineer, E. H. Gay,
C. W. Ricker, 51st Asst. Engineer, E. H. Gay,
C. W. Ricker, 52nd Asst. Engineer, E. H. Gay,
C. W. Ricker, 53rd Asst. Engineer, E. H. Gay,
C. W. Ricker, 54th Asst. Engineer, E. H. Gay,
C. W. Ricker, 55th Asst. Engineer, E. H. Gay,
C. W. Ricker, 56th Asst. Engineer, E. H. Gay,
C. W. Ricker, 57th Asst. Engineer, E. H. Gay,
C. W. Ricker, 58th Asst. Engineer, E. H. Gay,
C. W. Ricker, 59th Asst. Engineer, E. H. Gay,
C. W. Ricker, 60th Asst. Engineer, E. H. Gay,
C. W. Ricker, 61st Asst. Engineer, E. H. Gay,
C. W. Ricker, 62nd Asst. Engineer, E. H. Gay,
C. W. Ricker, 63rd Asst. Engineer, E. H. Gay,
C. W. Ricker, 64th Asst. Engineer, E. H. Gay,
C. W. Ricker, 65th Asst. Engineer, E. H. Gay,
C. W. Ricker, 66th Asst. Engineer, E. H. Gay,
C. W. Ricker, 67th Asst. Engineer, E. H. Gay,
C. W. Ricker, 68th Asst. Engineer, E. H. Gay,
C. W. Ricker, 69th Asst. Engineer, E. H. Gay,
C. W. Ricker, 70th Asst. Engineer, E. H. Gay,
C. W. Ricker, 71st Asst. Engineer, E. H. Gay,
C. W. Ricker, 72nd Asst. Engineer, E. H. Gay,
C. W. Ricker, 73rd Asst. Engineer, E. H. Gay,
C. W. Ricker, 74th Asst. Engineer, E. H. Gay,
C. W. Ricker, 75th Asst. Engineer, E. H. Gay,
C. W. Ricker, 76th Asst. Engineer, E. H. Gay,
C. W. Ricker, 77th Asst. Engineer, E. H. Gay,
C. W. Ricker, 78th Asst. Engineer, E. H. Gay,
C. W. Ricker, 79th Asst. Engineer, E. H. Gay,
C. W. Ricker, 80th Asst. Engineer, E. H. Gay,
C. W. Ricker, 81st Asst. Engineer, E. H. Gay,
C. W. Ricker, 82nd Asst. Engineer, E. H. Gay,
C. W. Ricker, 83rd Asst. Engineer, E. H. Gay,
C. W. Ricker, 84th Asst. Engineer, E. H. Gay,
C. W. Ricker, 85th Asst. Engineer, E. H. Gay,
C. W. Ricker, 86th Asst. Engineer, E. H. Gay,
C. W. Ricker, 87th Asst. Engineer, E. H. Gay,
C. W. Ricker, 88th Asst. Engineer, E. H. Gay,
C. W. Ricker, 89th Asst. Engineer, E. H. Gay,
C. W. Ricker, 90th Asst. Engineer, E. H. Gay,
C. W. Ricker, 91st Asst. Engineer, E. H. Gay,
C. W. Ricker, 92nd Asst. Engineer, E. H. Gay,
C. W. Ricker, 93rd Asst. Engineer, E. H. Gay,
C. W. Ricker, 94th Asst. Engineer, E. H. Gay,
C. W. Ricker, 95th Asst. Engineer, E. H. Gay,
C. W. Ricker, 96th Asst. Engineer, E. H. Gay,
C. W. Ricker, 97th Asst. Engineer, E. H. Gay,
C. W. Ricker, 98th Asst. Engineer, E. H. Gay,
C. W. Ricker, 99th Asst. Engineer, E. H. Gay,
C. W. Ricker, 100th Asst. Engineer, E. H. Gay,

Water street, at half past one o'clock, in
the afternoon, in the following order:

Augusta Police, H. T. Morse, Chief
Geo. E. Gay, Marshal of the Day
V. M. Loring, Chief of Staff
George Doughty, Asst. Adj. General
Aldis, J. W. G. P. Gannett, C. W.
Weymouth, N. T. Folsom, R. J. Martin, G.
H. Pettigill, G. F. Dill, W. W. Jackson.

Company "F," First Regiment, U. S. M.
Lieut. D. W. Loveloy, Commanding
Henry G. Staples Camp, S. of V.
Capt. C. H. Crandall, Commanding
Seth Williams Post, No. 13, G. A. R.
Capt. C. H. Crandall, Commanding
St. John the Baptist Society.
F. E. Jacques, President.

Augusta Fire Department, Chief Engineer,
F. J. Ricker, 1st Asst. Engineer, Elbridge
F. J. Ricker, 2nd Asst. Engineer, E. H. Gay,
C. W. Ricker, 3rd Asst. Engineer, E. H. Gay,
C. W. Ricker, 4th Asst. Engineer, E. H. Gay,
C. W. Ricker, 5th Asst. Engineer, E. H. Gay,
C. W. Ricker, 6th Asst. Engineer, E. H. Gay,
C. W. Ricker, 7th Asst. Engineer, E. H. Gay,
C. W. Ricker, 8th Asst. Engineer, E. H. Gay,
C. W. Ricker, 9th Asst. Engineer, E. H. Gay,
C. W. Ricker, 10th Asst. Engineer, E. H. Gay,
C. W. Ricker, 11th Asst. Engineer, E. H. Gay,
C. W. Ricker, 12th Asst. Engineer, E. H. Gay,
C. W. Ricker, 13th Asst. Engineer, E. H. Gay,
C. W. Ricker, 14th Asst. Engineer, E. H. Gay,
C. W. Ricker, 15th Asst. Engineer, E. H. Gay,
C. W. Ricker, 16th Asst. Engineer, E. H. Gay,
C. W. Ricker, 17th Asst. Engineer, E. H. Gay,
C. W. Ricker, 18th Asst. Engineer, E. H. Gay,
C. W. Ricker, 19th Asst. Engineer, E. H. Gay,
C. W. Ricker, 20th Asst. Engineer, E. H. Gay,
C. W. Ricker, 21st Asst. Engineer, E. H. Gay,
C. W. Ricker, 22nd Asst. Engineer, E. H. Gay,
C. W. Ricker, 23rd Asst. Engineer, E. H. Gay,
C. W. Ricker, 24th Asst. Engineer, E. H. Gay,
C. W. Ricker, 25th Asst. Engineer, E. H. Gay,
C. W. Ricker, 26th Asst. Engineer, E. H. Gay,
C. W. Ricker, 27th Asst. Engineer, E. H. Gay,

Horse Department.

ANODYNE LINIMENT

produces an increase of vital activity in the system, thus preventing and curing disease, and attacking with a violent pain through the system, and by continuing to use it, the system is kept in a healthy state, and the disease is cured. H. D. E. HUTCHINS, Fitchburg, Mass.

Parsons' Pills

Parsons' Pills are a powerful purgative, and are used by all who are afflicted with constipation, biliousness, and all the ailments of the bowels. They are sold by all druggists, and are the only pills that will cure the disease. H. D. E. HUTCHINS, Fitchburg, Mass.

Parsons' Pills

Parsons' Pills are a powerful purgative, and are used by all who are afflicted with constipation, biliousness, and all the ailments of the bowels. They are sold by all druggists, and are the only pills that will cure the disease. H. D. E. HUTCHINS, Fitchburg, Mass.

Parsons' Pills

Parsons' Pills are a powerful purgative, and are used by all who are afflicted with constipation, biliousness, and all the ailments of the bowels. They are sold by all druggists, and are the only pills that will cure the disease. H. D. E. HUTCHINS, Fitchburg, Mass.

Parsons' Pills

Parsons' Pills are a powerful purgative, and are used by all who are afflicted with constipation, biliousness, and all the ailments of the bowels. They are sold by all druggists, and are the only pills that will cure the disease. H. D. E. HUTCHINS, Fitchburg, Mass.

Parsons' Pills

Parsons' Pills are a powerful purgative, and are used by all who are afflicted with constipation, biliousness, and all the ailments of the bowels. They are sold by all druggists, and are the only pills that will cure the disease. H. D. E. HUTCHINS, Fitchburg, Mass.

Parsons' Pills

Parsons' Pills are a powerful purgative, and are used by all who are afflicted with constipation, biliousness, and all the ailments of the bowels. They are sold by all druggists, and are the only pills that will cure the disease. H. D. E. HUTCHINS, Fitchburg, Mass.

Parsons' Pills

Parsons' Pills are a powerful purgative, and are used by all who are afflicted with constipation, biliousness, and all the ailments of the bowels. They are sold by all druggists, and are the only pills that will cure the disease. H. D. E. HUTCHINS, Fitchburg, Mass.

Parsons' Pills

Parsons' Pills are a powerful purgative, and are used by all who are afflicted with constipation, biliousness, and all the ailments of the bowels. They are sold by all druggists, and are the only pills that will cure the disease. H. D. E. HUTCHINS, Fitchburg, Mass.

Parsons' Pills

Parsons' Pills are a powerful purgative, and are used by all who are afflicted with constipation, biliousness, and all the ailments of the bowels. They are sold by all druggists, and are the only pills that will cure the disease. H. D. E. HUTCHINS, Fitchburg, Mass.

Parsons' Pills

Parsons' Pills are a powerful purgative, and are used by all who are afflicted with constipation, biliousness, and all the ailments of the bowels. They are sold by all druggists, and are the only pills that will cure the disease. H. D. E. HUTCHINS, Fitchburg, Mass.

Parsons' Pills

Parsons' Pills are a powerful purgative, and are used by all who are afflicted with constipation, biliousness, and all the ailments of the bowels. They are sold by all druggists, and are the only pills that will cure the disease. H. D. E. HUTCHINS, Fitchburg, Mass.

Parsons' Pills

Parsons' Pills are a powerful purgative, and are used by all who are afflicted with constipation, biliousness, and all the ailments of the bowels. They are sold by all druggists, and are the only pills that will cure the disease. H. D. E. HUTCHINS, Fitchburg, Mass.

Parsons' Pills

Parsons' Pills are a powerful purgative, and are used by all who are afflicted with constipation, biliousness, and all the ailments of the bowels. They are sold by all druggists, and are the only pills that will cure the disease. H. D. E. HUTCHINS, Fitchburg, Mass.

Parsons' Pills

Parsons' Pills are a powerful purgative, and are used by all who are afflicted with constipation, biliousness, and all the ailments of the bowels. They are sold by all druggists, and are the only pills that will cure the disease. H. D. E. HUTCHINS, Fitchburg, Mass.

Parsons' Pills

Parsons' Pills are a powerful purgative, and are used by all who are afflicted with constipation, biliousness, and all the ailments of the bowels. They are sold by all druggists, and are the only pills that will cure the disease. H. D. E. HUTCHINS, Fitchburg, Mass.

Parsons' Pills

Parsons' Pills are a powerful purgative, and are used by all who are afflicted with constipation, biliousness, and all the ailments of the bowels. They are sold by all druggists, and are the only pills that will cure the disease. H. D. E. HUTCHINS, Fitchburg, Mass.

Parsons' Pills

Parsons' Pills are a powerful purgative, and are used by all who are afflicted with constipation, biliousness, and all the ailments of the bowels. They are sold by all druggists, and are the only pills that will cure the disease. H. D. E. HUTCHINS, Fitchburg, Mass.

Parsons' Pills

Parsons' Pills are a powerful purgative, and are used by all who are afflicted with constipation, biliousness, and all the ailments of the bowels. They are sold by all druggists, and are the only pills that will cure the disease. H. D. E. HUTCHINS, Fitchburg, Mass.

Parsons' Pills

Parsons' Pills are a powerful purgative, and are used by all who are afflicted with constipation, biliousness, and all the ailments of the bowels. They are sold by all druggists, and are the only pills that will cure the disease. H. D. E. HUTCHINS, Fitchburg, Mass.

Parsons' Pills

Parsons' Pills are a powerful purgative, and are used by all who are afflicted with constipation, biliousness, and all the ailments of the bowels. They are sold by all druggists, and are the only pills that will cure the disease. H. D. E. HUTCHINS, Fitchburg, Mass.

Parsons' Pills

Parsons' Pills are a powerful purgative, and are used by all who are afflicted with constipation, biliousness, and all the ailments of the bowels. They are sold by all druggists, and are the only pills that will cure the disease. H. D. E. HUTCHINS, Fitchburg, Mass.

Parsons' Pills

Parsons' Pills are a powerful purgative, and are used by all who are afflicted with constipation, biliousness, and all the ailments of the bowels. They are sold by all druggists, and are the only pills that will cure the disease. H. D. E. HUTCHINS, Fitchburg, Mass.

evidence of improvement in the colts grown on this farm, and the quality of those now to be seen there, must please the most exacting.

David Roberge in writing of knee spring in horses, says it is "the result of a complication of causes, the most common being a high inside heel or a high outside toe, constituting the whole of inside half of the foot, being too high. When this is the case, less weight is borne on the outside of the knee joint and more weight is thrown upon the inside of the joint. . . .

When the knee bends forward and outward the heels approach each other inwardly, and of course the toe turns outwardly. . . . The knee-sprung horse suffers more when the undue height is on the inside than when upon the outside half of the foot. . . . A horse so affected travels with his feet close together, as the flexion of the knee is less difficult; and as the cause continues the difficulty of flexing the knee increases. The remedy is to lower the elevated half of the foot."

People have strange fancies sometimes. Riding through the country lately the owner of a good brood mare, one who has brought forth several fine colts, these selling for paying prices when six months old or older, said: "I shall not pay any more high prices for service. I can get the use of a stallion for five dollars, and I am not going to pay fifty." We asked, "How about the colts?" and he replied, "Oh, well, I know the colts will be a better one of course coming from the horse I have bred to for four or five years, but all the same I will not pay any man fifty dollars for service even if I do get a poorer colt." Thus it is all along the line. Present cost rules the individual, and final profit or loss never is taken into account. Gradually we shall emerge out of this condition, but until we do there will be many scares and failures from the want of proper appreciation of reasonable business principles.

Not a day passes but the lessons of the hour come out clearer, and the evidence of what is coming becomes more and more apparent. There are two ways of reaching the end desired, one by the roundabout way of haphazard, trust-to-luck breeding, and the other by a straight cut, and the use of the horse or family which will insure most of size, substance, courage, endurance, intelligence, and smooth road action. There can be no guess work as to the results. The man who bases action upon intelligent convictions as to what is to be demanded, will breed with these essentials only in mind. Others may reach for speed, but they will likely to insure the most, and this will be the one aim and end of their breeding. The lines diverge and the road horse is to occupy a field peculiarly its own. These conditions are coming, and to be prepared to grow a road horse, breed to a road horse, one who is himself what is wanted, represents an ancestry as good and able to reproduce. Nothing else will satisfy. Too many experiments have been tried, and if there is a direct way out of the woods it surely is for the interests of every farmer to take that path and follow it. Breed to the stallions whose colts are what are, and will be, wanted on the road, for the road.

Of one fact there can be no question, that the farmers will never see a new dollar for an old one in horse growing until they learn that colts stunted all winter are stunted for life. In a ride of forty miles, many colts were seen at pasture which were a disgrace to their owners or feeders. Poor, weak, scrawny creatures, it will take six weeks of good feed for them to get rid of the old coat and begin to live. A few dollars have been saved in dry hay and grain but at what terrible cost. It is such treatment as this which fills so many barns with small horses coming from good sized sires and dams. When we learn the lesson of reasonable feeding, of saving by expending. A party out of the State put out a young mare last fall to be boarded, paying good price per week, all the farmer asked, and when he went for the mare and colt the dam was so weak she could not travel, and the colt could hardly stand. The man saved quite a few dollars, but he will never get another animal from that party or his friends. This is repeated altogether too often to be passed over, and it is well sometimes to draw the lessons of common honesty clear and sharp. Men have no right to neglect and starve their own, but it is a crime to take pay for good feed and starve another's. If Maine is to improve the quality of the horse stock it must be by an appreciation of the fact that good care and feed is as necessary as blood and breeding. Better stop where we are and never breed another colt than to bring in more to be starved, stunted, and thus necessarily grown at a loss. The man who realizes, and is satisfied, is always the one who feeds for growth and not simply to sustain life. Living there is no profit; that comes from growth and development. Let us have more rational treatment of our horses and colts in the barns.

Deafness Cannot be Cured by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is, by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflammation of the mucous lining of the Eustachian tube. When this tube is inflamed, it swells and closes, and the sound cannot enter. It is entirely cured, and when it is entirely cured, the hearing is restored, and the inflammation is removed. People will use many of the farm products when they can get them in better condition. Then transportation rates are too high. This adds too much to the final cost. We need cheaper, better, and more rapid transportation and distribution of food products; and as producers and consumers are the larger part of our people, why shouldn't we have them?

Good To Remove Bunches. The Lawton Bros. Co., Cleveland, O. Use your Balm to remove a hard bunch on a horse's knee, caused by knocking, and the results were most satisfactory. N. W. 15, '96.

What a woman that Mrs. High-strung is! Does she ever obey any man? She-Oh, yes, she obeys her husband implicitly. He-Her husband must be a very strong-minded man, then. She-Not at all. He simply tells her to do exactly as she pleases, and she obeys without a murmur.

What a woman that Mrs. High-strung is! Does she ever obey any man? She-Oh, yes, she obeys her husband implicitly. He-Her husband must be a very strong-minded man, then. She-Not at all. He simply tells her to do exactly as she pleases, and she obeys without a murmur.

What a woman that Mrs. High-strung is! Does she ever obey any man? She-Oh, yes, she obeys her husband implicitly. He-Her husband must be a very strong-minded man, then. She-Not at all. He simply tells her to do exactly as she pleases, and she obeys without a murmur.

What a woman that Mrs. High-strung is! Does she ever obey any man? She-Oh, yes, she obeys her husband implicitly. He-Her husband must be a very strong-minded man, then. She-Not at all. He simply tells her to do exactly as she pleases, and she obeys without a murmur.

What a woman that Mrs. High-strung is! Does she ever obey any man? She-Oh, yes, she obeys her husband implicitly. He-Her husband must be a very strong-minded man, then. She-Not at all. He simply tells her to do exactly as she pleases, and she obeys without a murmur.

What a woman that Mrs. High-strung is! Does she ever obey any man? She-Oh, yes, she obeys her husband implicitly. He-Her husband must be a very strong-minded man, then. She-Not at all. He simply tells her to do exactly as she pleases, and she obeys without a murmur.

What a woman that Mrs. High-strung is! Does she ever obey any man? She-Oh, yes, she obeys her husband implicitly. He-Her husband must be a very strong-minded man, then. She-Not at all. He simply tells her to do exactly as she pleases, and she obeys without a murmur.

What a woman that Mrs. High-strung is! Does she ever obey any man? She-Oh, yes, she obeys her husband implicitly. He-Her husband must be a very strong-minded man, then. She-Not at all. He simply tells her to do exactly as she pleases, and she obeys without a murmur.

What a woman that Mrs. High-strung is! Does she ever obey any man? She-Oh, yes, she obeys her husband implicitly. He-Her husband must be a very strong-minded man, then. She-Not at all. He simply tells her to do exactly as she pleases, and she obeys without a murmur.

Poultry Department.

The hen is a fool that lays big eggs while they are sold by the dozen.

The question is asked: "Why does not a hen lay two eggs a day?" For the same reason that she has no teeth—she is not built that way.

A correspondent asks: "What is Douglas's mixture that I read about so much in poultry papers?" To one gallon soft water add half pound copperas; when that is dissolved, add half ounce sulphuric acid. Keep corked in a jug. A dose is one tablespoonful to a quart of water about twice a week. It is good for laying hens and for growing chicks.

Again we want to urge an increase of the turkey crop of Maine. We pay a great deal of attention to the butter and apple, or potato crops, but here is one worth more to the State than either of the others if it were fostered as it should be. It is no place to fool round and trust to luck any more than anywhere else, but the man who is willing to put himself into the business has here a chance not excelled in any other field. All that is required is for one to stop making a play house of the poultry yard and go to work for business, doing enough so that it will surely count. The man who grows five hundred turkeys this year can afford to look after and take care of them, for there are five hundred clean cart wheels for him at the end of the row in October or November. If the poulters are hatched, turned loose and left to run wild, do not complain if hawks and foxes take the lion's share. No man can pick figs from thistles or grow turkeys by simply putting some eggs under a hen. Things in this world do not come in that way, and the law of compensation holds in the poultry yard as well as in that of letters or art. Grow turkeys as a business, and they will pay.

A subscriber asks about raising geese, and from Farm Poultry we clip a letter from one who has had experience: "I always set my goose eggs under hens, as they are more quiet and are much lighter on the eggs, seldom if ever breaking any. I have made some good hatches under Foulness geese, but never had an Embden goose hatch more than three or four goslings out of ten eggs; and some of them have broken every egg before the twenty-eight days were up. When goose eggs are placed under hens, I turn the eggs over each day when I take the hens off to feed. I sprinkle the eggs once a week with lukewarm water, and especially on the twenty-seventh day, which toughens the shell, and prevents it from breaking and crumbling, or mashing in on one side and smothering the goslings before they succeed in getting out of the shell. The hens should have large roomy nests. I never take the young out of the nest until they come out themselves. Then I put them with the hen, in a yard where the grass is two or three inches high. Clover is the best grass for geese, and goslings will commence picking at it as soon as they are able to do so. The nest grass seems to be a necessity in raising geese. They can be raised on grass alone, but they grow much better when fed other food, too. I always feed my goslings cracker crumbs, which I buy from the factory by the barrel. I wet them with cold water, then put them in a shallow dish or pan and pour water over them. The goslings will commence picking them out of the water at once, and in this way they learn to eat without any trouble. When two or three weeks old they will begin to pick up wheat, and at four to six weeks old will eat almost any kind of grain. I feed them cracker crumbs five times a day. I never lose a gosling after taken from the nest, except by accident. They should have a good dry place to shelter in during storms, as goslings are easily drowned until they are feathered. The grow fast, and at four weeks will weigh six to eight pounds, and at three months of age will reach fifteen to eighteen pounds.

THE OTHER SIDE. We have often urged farmers to get near to market, especially with poultry, eggs and dairy products, vegetables and fruit. To show you how the town folks feel about getting these things fresh from the farm, we give the following from Rural New-Yorker: "My wife never eats any eggs but yours," said a city man to one who furnishes him fresh laid eggs regularly. "When she can't get anything but store eggs she goes without. And there are thousands more just such people. They want fresh, clean eggs, choice butter, nice, ripe fruits, crisp vegetables, plump poultry, and dozens of other products of the farm. They want them in prime condition, and they are willing to pay good prices for them. Failing this, they go without. In some lines of produce prices are low, and there is a cry of overproduction. It isn't overproduction; it's underconsumption. People will use more of the farm products when they can get them in better condition. Then transportation rates are too high. This adds too much to the final cost. We need cheaper, better, and more rapid transportation and distribution of food products; and as producers and consumers are the larger part of our people, why shouldn't we have them?"

Let the Death Penalty Stand. Now that several murderers who have made the crime of life-taking hideous are being sent to the gallows, several papers have spoken against the death penalty. The best argument against life sentence for such men is that there is no place for them among the living. It is not just, even to ordinary criminals, to be associated with them. If there could be a prison to which all such criminals could be sent, and there excluded from contact with the outer world, the public might take upon itself the burden of their maintenance, but in all such cases executive pardon should be forbidden.—Indianapolis Journal.

Like all other men who essay to climb the ladder of fame, the racer has to begin at the "first round."

Chief Justice Fuller's family are at Sorrento for the season.

Charcoal For Potted Plants. Charcoal is the most beneficial to potted plants if broken in pieces the size of small chestnuts and added to the soil in the proportion of 1 part to 20 of earth.

More Desirable. Mrs. Blinn-I understand that man in the flat under us is at work on a patent contrivance that will make a fire consume its own smoke. Mr. Blinn-Well, I wish he would turn his attention to some device that would compel him to burn his own fuel. He coal bin adjoins ours.—Yonkers Statesman.

More Desirable. Mrs. Blinn-I understand that man in the flat under us is at work on a patent contrivance that will make a fire consume its own smoke. Mr. Blinn-Well, I wish he would turn his attention to some device that would compel him to burn his own fuel. He coal bin adjoins ours.—Yonkers Statesman.

More Desirable. Mrs. Blinn-I understand that man in the flat under us is at work on a patent contrivance that will make a fire consume its own smoke. Mr. Blinn-Well, I wish he would turn his attention to some device that would compel him to burn his own fuel. He coal bin adjoins ours.—Yonkers Statesman.

More Desirable. Mrs. Blinn-I understand that man in the flat under us is at work on a patent contrivance that will make a fire consume its own smoke. Mr. Blinn-Well, I wish he would turn his attention to some device that would compel him to burn his own fuel. He coal bin adjoins ours.—Yonkers Statesman.

More Desirable. Mrs. Blinn-I understand that man in the flat under us is at work on a patent contrivance that will make a fire consume its own smoke. Mr. Blinn-Well, I wish he would turn his attention to some device that would compel him to burn his own fuel. He coal bin adjoins ours.—Yonkers Statesman.

More Desirable. Mrs. Blinn-I understand that man in the flat under us is at work on a patent contrivance that will make a fire consume its own smoke. Mr. Blinn-Well, I wish he would turn his attention to some device that would compel him to burn his own fuel. He coal bin adjoins ours.—Yonkers Statesman.

LOSS OF VICKSBURG.

EFFECT ON THE GENERAL WHO COMMANDED AT THAT POINT.

Pemberton Resigned and Took Service in a Lower Rank—His Family Were Wealthy Pennsylvanians, and He Was Disinherited When He Joined the South.

In an address at San Antonio, Tex., the Hon. John H. Reagan said:

"While I am speaking of matters connected with the war which have not, so far as I know, gone into history, I desire to do an act of justice to the memory of Lieutenant General John C. Pemberton, who was in command at Vicksburg when that city was surrendered. He, with the balance of his command, was paroled after their surrender. The great strategic importance of Vicksburg, commanding as it did the Mississippi river, and the loss of which substantially bisected the territory of the Confederacy by the line of that river, was so important and was so keenly felt by our people that it caused deep regret and great dissatisfaction, and many of the people questioned the fidelity of General Pemberton to our cause. It is of this that I wish specially to speak in justice to his memory.

"He was a citizen of the state of Pennsylvania and a major of the federal army when the war broke out. His mother lived in Philadelphia and was wealthy. He believed the people of the north were in the right and that their cause was just and determined to enter the Confederate service. He notified his mother of his intention, saying to her that he was a military man, and that his age would require him to participate in the war, and that he could not afford to risk his life in a cause which he believed to be unjust. His mother protested against this course and threatened to disinherit him if he persisted in it.

"You may well understand what a trial it must have been to him to refuse to comply with his mother's wish and to separate himself from his own section of the country, greatly the stronger, and unite with the weaker section, placing his life at stake because of his conscientious conviction of duty. On his merits as an officer he rose to the rank of lieutenant general in the Confederate service, and on account of the confidence of the president in his ability and fidelity to our cause he was put in command of the important military position of Vicksburg.

"After he was exchanged as a prisoner and released from his parole I was with President Davis in his office when General Pemberton called on him and stated that the discontent on account of the fall of Vicksburg had destroyed his usefulness in high command and made it proper for him to resign his commission of lieutenant general, which was then field batteries of the army of the Confederacy as lieutenant colonel of artillery in the regular army of the Confederacy. The president, with expressions of sympathy and regret, accepted his resignation as lieutenant general, and he was assigned to his line rank of lieutenant colonel of artillery. This was the only instance during the war of an officer voluntarily resigning a high rank in the army and asking for service in a lower one.

"Not long after this General Butler, in command of the Federal forces, moving a portion of the army from the south to the north side of the James river, with a large force attempted to capture the city of Richmond. Our line of works in front of him was defended by a number of siege batteries and by infantry. The principal attack was by field batteries of the army of the Confederacy, which covered that line of approach and in the immediate front of the Federal batteries. Colonel Preston Johnson of the president's staff and I, on hearing the heavy firing, rode out to where we could witness the contest. We saw Pemberton standing in the parapet of the battery on the Williamsburg road, fully exposed to the most terrific fire of shot and shell, giving directions to his command. Seeing this, we feared that the disaster at Vicksburg and the criticisms to which he had been subjected were causing him to seek relief in death. This supposition may have been unjust to him, and his purpose may simply have been to encourage his comrades.

"On my return from prison in 1865, in going from Richmond to Columbia, S. C., I met General Pemberton on the cars at Greensboro, N. C., and learned that he, too, was going to Columbia to see Mr. Trenholm, the late secretary of the treasury, his object, as he told me, being to try to borrow money from Mr. Trenholm to enable him to get on a farm as a means of support to his family. I inquired of him if he understood farming. He said he had no experience in farming; that he had no profession but that of engineer, and that there was no opening for him in that line, and he saw no other way of supporting his family except on a farm. He was then in a destitute condition financially, and his family in Philadelphia was wealthy and asked him if he knew of his condition. His answer was, in character with his past actions, that they did not and never should know from him.

"From this we can understand the injustice of the criticisms to which he had been subjected. I saw him no more, but had since learned that he died in Philadelphia, and from this fact that he became reconciled with his family. I learned from President Davis the facts relating to General Pemberton's leaving his home and entering the Confederate service."

Let the Death Penalty Stand. Now that several murderers who have made the crime of life-taking hideous are being sent to the gallows, several papers have spoken against the death penalty. The best argument against life sentence for such men is that there is no place for them among the living. It is not just, even to ordinary criminals, to be associated with them. If there could be a prison to which all such criminals could be sent, and there excluded from contact with the outer world, the public might take upon itself the burden of their maintenance, but in all such cases executive pardon should be forbidden.—Indianapolis Journal.

Like all other men who essay to climb the ladder of fame, the racer has to begin at the "first round."

Chief Justice Fuller's family are at Sorrento for the season.

Charcoal For Potted Plants. Charcoal is the most beneficial to potted plants if broken in pieces the size of small chestnuts and added to the soil in the proportion of 1 part to 20 of earth.

More Desirable. Mrs. Blinn-I understand that man in the flat under us is at work on a patent contrivance that will make a fire consume its own smoke. Mr. Blinn-Well, I wish he would turn his attention to some device that would compel him to burn his own fuel. He coal bin adjoins ours.—Yonkers Statesman.

More Desirable. Mrs. Blinn-I understand that man in the flat under us is at work on a patent contrivance that will make a fire consume its own smoke. Mr. Blinn-Well, I wish he would turn his attention to some device that would compel him to burn his own fuel. He coal bin adjoins ours.—Yonkers Statesman.

More Desirable. Mrs. Blinn-I understand that man in the flat under us is at work on a patent contrivance that will make a fire consume its own smoke. Mr. Blinn-Well, I wish he would turn his attention to some device that would compel him to burn his own fuel. He coal bin adjoins ours.—Yonkers Statesman.

More Desirable. Mrs. Blinn-I understand that man in the flat under us is at work on a patent contrivance that will make a fire consume its own smoke. Mr. Blinn-Well, I wish he would turn his attention to some device that would compel him to burn his own fuel. He coal bin adjoins ours.—Yonkers Statesman.

More Desirable. Mrs. Blinn-I understand that man in the flat under us is at work on a patent contrivance that will make a fire consume its own smoke. Mr. Blinn-Well, I wish he would turn his attention to some device that would compel him to burn his own fuel. He coal bin adjoins ours.—Yonkers Statesman.

IT IS JUST AS EASY, and a heap more sensible, to use a little care in the selection of materials when having painting done and secure the best result as it is to take chances and use mixtures of which you know nothing. To be sure of getting

Pure White Lead
examine the brand (see list genuine brands). Any shade or color desired can be easily obtained by using NATIONAL LEAD CO.'s brands of Pure White Lead and Tinting Colors.

Pamphlet giving valuable information and card showing samples of colors free; also cards showing pictures of twelve houses of different colors painted in various styles or combinations of shades forwarded upon application to those intending to paint.

NATIONAL LEAD CO., 1 Broadway, New York.

SPRAY THE EMPIRE KING.
Our Catalogue will tell you why it is the best. Send us stamp for postage and the Catalogue is free. FIELD FORCE PUMP CO., 55 Market St., Lowell, N. Y.

WHY HE SHAVED. Senator Bacon Did Not Want His Whiskers Felled.

There was a time when Senator Bacon of Georgia wore an ornate and lavish hirsute adornment, and pictures taken at the time he was president of the Georgia senate so represent him. Now he contents himself with a simple mustache. How he happened to shear his beard was told by the senator himself recently.

"It was," he began, "when the roller skating craze broke out and invaded the best families in the south. It struck Macon, and somehow it found a victim in me. Everybody was going to the skating rink, and consequently I went.

"I soon acquired a remarkable degree of grace in gliding dreamily over the floor to the pulsation of exhilarating waltz strains, and my company was in great demand by ladies who were still somewhat distrustful of their own skill. I shall never forget. I was acting as the guardian angel one evening of a lady whose main support I was in her feeble efforts to prevent a collision with the floor, and we were rather tremulously gliding hither and thither among the crowd, when an invalid on skates approached us from the opposite direction. I saw at a glance that the man had lost his compass and nothing but a blind reliance in providence was deferring his fall. That moment came when he crashed against me. The collision disturbed the center of gravity in my fair companion, while at the same time it hastened the downfall of the other. Before I knew what was up the man, in order to save himself, grasped hold of one side of my whiskers, while the lady fastened her grip in the other, and both held on for dear life while their feet were describing geometrical figures on the slippery floor. Considerations of gallantry prevented me from turning on the wretched being who was clinging to my beard like the proverbial crow on one side, and there I was with two struggling fellow creatures in the stress of despair dangling on each side of my whiskers. That experience determined me to sacrifice the whiskers and to circumscribe my indulgence in that line to a modest, unobtrusive mustache, which affords no comfort to unskilled skaters."—Washington Post.

MINISTERS' SONS PLAY CARDS. How a Thirteen-year-old Boy Disposed of a Deck. There is an Episcopal minister on the north side who has two sons, 13 and 11 years old respectively, of whom he is very proud. The responsibility of rearing two sons that they may be ornaments to society is deeply impressed upon the good man, and he watches his boys with a jealous eye, fearing that they may be brought under harmful influences. One morning he called the boys at the usual hour, and when he had satisfied himself that they were up he returned to his morning paper. Thirty minutes passed, but the boys did not come down stairs, and, thinking they were up to some mischief, he went quietly to their room, opened the door, and was startled to see them sitting up in bed with a deck of cards between them, playing seven-up. He did not say anything further than to tell them that breakfast was ready, but he immediately sought his wife and confided to her what he had discovered. They held a consultation and decided that it would be best for the mother to talk to them. When the morning meal was finished, she talked with her boys long and seriously on the evils of card playing, and concluded by saying that she would trust to the elder one to dispose of the deck they had some time during the day. With that the subject was dropped until evening. At the dinner table she said to him, "Harold, did you dispose of those cards?"

"Yes, mother."

"Did you destroy them?"

"No."

"Well, how did you dispose of them?"

"I sold them to the Baptist minister's son for 10 cents," was the reply.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Rapid Photography. Professor E. Maché of Prague is credited with some remarkable achievements in the line of rapid photography. Thus the flight of a projectile has been fastened on a sensitive plate, the exposure being estimated at probably about one thousandth of a second. In taking this picture Professor Maché succeeded not only in showing the projectile proper upon a negative, but he also shows the air currents, and the condensing of photograph, it is thought, might explain the luminous trail on comets and meteors, which are presumably projectiles hurled through infinite space upon a larger scale. Another of these photographic achievements is air occasioned by the flight of alcedon ball. Its current of air is directed to all sides at an angle of about 45 degrees to

